

THE MUSICAL WORLD. 1844.

No. 33.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT NOON,
PRICE THREEPENCE;—STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

VOL. XIX.

THURSDAY, AUGUST, 15.

THE ocean of musical life is, for the instant, so to speak, stagnant. The concerts are over; and the artists (many of them) have flown into the country, to breathe the fresh air and smell the green grass. We are at a loss what to write about. We long to be in some quiet rural spot, with a river, and a wood, and a bridge, and a boat to sail about in. But alas! our miserable estate of EDITOR (confound the word!), ties us down to the vast solitude of London, even in the summer time. We have our readers to amuse. Week after week, as Thursday comes again, they—unconscionable as they are!—expect, if not an essay on something, at least an essay on *nothing*, at our hands. What a shame it is that we cannot have a holiday as well as the rest of the musical profession! Are we not as hard—nay harder worked, during the busy season? Are we not up to our elbow joints in the midst of it? We assume not to be iron-ribbed, we dub not ourselves proof against fatigue and drowsiness. The necessity of reading the “Music” of the *Morning Post*, and the “Things unmusical” of the *Britannia*, is, of itself, a labour sufficiently unendurable. Just think of our condition—reader. The concerts we must perforce attend, the compositions we must perforce review, the anecdotes we must perforce recount, the *critics* we must perforce belabour (“Jenkins” above all!), the letters we

must perforce peruse, the complaints we must perforce consider, the printers we must perforce admonish, the subscriptions we must perforce receive, the *et ceteras* we must perforce *et cetera*—are enough to drive all sanity out of us. And not one week in the year, but FIFTY-TWO tedious, silly nuisances of weeks, are we thus drearily and monotonously employed! A reader who can spell us over in town or country—at breakfast time, or dinner time, or tea time, as him seemeth best,—has small notion of the aching of our bones and the perspiration of our foreheads, in catering for his delight. A noble sheet of intelligence and philosophy is placed in his hands, which he devours within an hour at his ease, and subsequently digests at his leisure—till another number comes to feed his new-born appetite. Little wots he of the dolor of our production. He thinks, doubtless, that we are born in a second, that we rush out of the womb of time as an arrow from a bow, or as Pallas from the brain of Jove. But much is he mistaken—much—very much. Though our wisdom be as of Minerva, and our brain as of Jupiter, yet are we not instantaneous. Our birth is not as of the lightning. We cut not a caper and then come out in full dress. We turn not a somerset and exclaim “Here we are!” Our “getting up” is a labour, albeit of love, of immense and not easily conceivable extent. We are as the trumpet of the muses—and our flourish, though swift of execution, is deliberate of counsel. What we utter goes forth to the world of music as an ORACLE, and as we would urgently eschew the hazard of being an oracle mendacious, so

must we ponder and reflect before we can venture an observation.

Reader—excuse our grumble; we moan not maliciously, but in veritable weariness. We are twelve years of age, and are proud of our longevity. And yet, vexed are we to think that oftentimes our sincerity is put upon the wheel of doubt. True it is, at the end, we come out as the sun from behind a cloud—bright and spotless as truth itself; but the awaiting of judgment is a torture to us. We imagine ourselves sufficiently venerable to extort faith even from the sceptic. Our candour has no right to be questioned. Twelve years have we been the champion of British art—the shield, and spear, and steed, and spur, and stirrup, and stronghold of British artists. Never once have we flinched—albeit our enemies have equalled in number the locusts, in rapacity the wolves, in industry the ants, in venom the adders. Never once have we flinched from snarl, or bite, or sting, or orange-peel. Upright in our sincerity we have stood, with head uncovered, the friend of the deserving, the enemy of the impostor. Thus stern and unbendable of purpose—thus conscious of the rectitude of our intentions—we are, nathless, free to avow our extreme sensitiveness of misappreciation. We hate to be ill understood—we abominate to be falsely expounded. Some of the boldest and most truth-despising of our opponents have dared to accuse us of *cliquerie*! Is not this—reader—beyond all expression, monstrous? Are we to be called unfair, because, forsooth, we regulate our eulogy and our blame according to merit or its opposite. Is it the *beau ideal*

of an upright journal to compare every author of a ballad or a Polka to Mozart? We repudiate, most unequivocally, any, the smallest, influence of friend or partisan. We are invulnerable to all such influence. But we will not, merely because we happen to be personally acquainted with a man of genius, proclaim him a nullity—for fear of being accused of partiality. It makes us smile to think of the impotent shifts and expedients of our aspersers. "Jenkins"—our chiefest enemy, because the enemy avowed of British artists—has clumsily insinuated in the *Morning Post*, that we are hostile to the Philharmonic!—Was ever such absurdity? But that it proceeds from a source so utterly creditless as [the shallow columns of the *Post*, we should take pains to stifle this indictment under the pillow of plain reason. But to answer Jenkins reasonably would be worse than to throw pearls before swine. Himself reasonless, to talk to him reasonably, were to talk to him in Japanese. His quota of reason, and his quota of Japanese are equal. But we spurn his insinuation, as all else that proceeds from him, with contempt. We are the best, truest, and most constant friends of the Philharmonic Society, and we have proved it, over and over again, by good and honest counsel, steady and judicious support. We spin not endless yarns of unintelligible phrases, after the manner of the never-sufficiently-to-be-laughed-at Jenkins—we emulate not his senseless and inflated jargon. Our praise is to be sought, our censure to be shunned—because we neither laud nor condemn without a reason. What for example can a composer like Dr. Mendelssohn care about such inexplicable nonsense as Jenkins has thrown at his head, in proof of his admiration? Why Mendelssohn knows, as well as we know, that Jenkins knows *nothing*—and that consequently his *columnic* small talk is all moonshine. We have a curious extract from the *Post*, in our portfolio, which we shall shortly publish with comments, as a specimen of *criticism*, in its kind, absolutely

unrivalled. It professes to review the genius of Mendelssohn, and touches upon his symphony in A minor, in so odd a style, that we, and some friends to whom we read it aloud, (that due sonority might be given to the strange and interminable periods of Jenkins), literally rolled about the floor—in *cachinnos soluti*. But of this anon. Such criticisms we do not wish to emulate. Indiscriminate eulogy, and sheer abuse we equally abominate and eschew.

Another accusation has been cast in our teeth. We are called inconsistent in our opinion of Thalberg, the pianist. To this we have one only answer—but a plain and open one. We defy the keenest of our adversaries to prove their words. We defy them to point out one paragraph in the *Musical World* which speaks with irreverence of the masterly playing of the great pianist. In regard to his compositions we have been equally consistent. The school in which Thalberg is a disciple, is not, never has been, and never can be *our* school of predilection. The *real* merits of the man have, we think, been better analyzed in the plain language of one or two of our own concert reviewers, than in the frothy ravings of Jenkins,—whose eulogies, if Thalberg himself can understand, he must be a double Solomon at least. Thus we have shown in a few unvarnished sentences, how baseless are the charges of our assailants. The only one remaining of importance, is one to which we gladly and proudly plead GUILTY:—that of being somewhat zealous in our appreciation of certain of our foremost native artists. In this, nevertheless, we have reason to back us. It will not be denied that home talent is woefully and sinfully neglected—not only by those among us whose wealth and station put it in their power to be patrons and benefactors, but by our own professors of music, the men from whom such apathy—nay, why mince the word, HOSTILITY—should be least expected. If, then, the aristocratic feeling, and even the *esprit de corps*, be so faint in its advocacy of native talent, what

remains to sustain it, but the arm of the PRESS? And if this powerful engine be directed *timidly* against the prevailing stupid prejudice, it, too, falls ineffectually to the ground; and our artists are left championless. On these grounds have we acted—on these grounds have we considered, that it was better to overshoot than fall short of the mark, in our estimation of whatever proceeds from our own musicians—and we have national pride and common sense to back us.

And now we ought to return to our grumble; but we are worn out, and perforce must lay down our pen.

Q.

MENDELSSOHN.

WE have elsewhere inserted a sensible article from "*The Musical World*," in defence of the great composer, Mendelssohn, against the virulent and unseemly attacks of a certain *clique* in the profession. What we should have said on the subject is there expressed, more effectively than we could have expressed it. But we cannot let the matter pass without giving vent to our sincere displeasure at the unworthy treatment of the most illustrious living musician. We could not have dared to imagine that England contained the artist, who would so disgrace his honourable calling as to offer insult to a man, who is no less esteemed for his liberality and gentlemanly bearing than for his wonderful and unparalleled genius. We can scarcely believe that we are perusing the columns of an English musical journal, while reading an attack upon MENDELSSOHN—upon MENDELSSOHN, who has raised the art of music and its followers to a position which even Beethoven and Mozart, because unappreciated, failed to attain. And how silly and meaningless are the charges brought against the illustrious German! We shall but allude to one of them—the rest are beneath our notice. It has been insinuated that Mendelssohn made unfair use of his position as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, to advance his own interests, and to injure those of Englishmen. This is *untrue*, malicious, and absurd. It was expected by every one that Mendelssohn would have played at three or four of the concerts which took place under his direction. Nothing would have been more reasonable or fair. But how often did he play?—*Once*, and only once—and that once, even, at the earnest solicitation of the authorities of the society. Moreover, it was anticipated and *desired*, by the subscribers (the main support of the Philharmonic) that two or three of the compositions of Mendelssohn should be given at each concert. Yet, reasonable and just as was the expectation, only one of his works was given at each of four concerts, and at the seventh concert *not even one*! Did he put aside the claims of English composers?—The fact that at no previous season have so many English compositions been performed at once refutes this calumny. The concerto of Sterndale Bennett in C minor (*executed by the composer*)—the overture to the "*Naiades*" of the same composer—a duet from "*Pascal Bruno*" of Mr. Hatton—and a choral composition of Henry Smart, were performed under the conduct of Mendelssohn, and at his suggestion. Besides which, he strongly recommended the symphony in C sharp minor of

Macfarren for performance at the last concert—but was strenuously opposed by the English directors! We say it without hesitation—Mendelssohn has shown a more liberal feeling, and has proved himself a warmer friend to English artists and English art than can be found among their own ranks—be he who he may. Who helped to make the European reputation of Sterndale Bennett?—MENDELSSOHN! Who pronounced Mrs. Alfred Shaw and Miss Clara Novello the best singers in Germany?—MENDELSSOHN! Who has on all occasions spoken with enthusiasm of English musicians, and enforced a respect for them in Germany, which but for him would perhaps never have existed in that prejudiced country?—MENDELSSOHN! And yet this same Mendelssohn is the first German musician who comes to England to be insulted and mistaken—while other bigoted foreigners without a tittle of his genius, are exalted to the seventh heaven! Shame—shame on English artists! We blush to think that you so little appreciate the immense benefits conferred upon you all, by this amiable man and unrivalled artist.

Time presses now—but we shall resume the subject. Would that occasion had not called us to the rescue of genius misunderstood and maltreated!—*Musical Examiner*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

THE CORELLI NUISANCE.

DEAR SIR,

TRIO.—Two Violoncellos and a Double bass. MESSRS. LINDLEY, &c. &c.—CORELLI. (*Vide, concert bills, Philharmonic, Quartet, Classical Chamber, and several thousand others during the last 20 years.*)

We, the public, crave the assistance of our brothers, the Editorial "We"s, to get rid of this continually recurring infliction.

Whether Corelli does or does not deserve his reputation, it is not necessary to discuss. The question as to the propriety of his introduction perpetually, and in this form, at concerts of the first class, may be settled by the following considerations.

1st. The professed object at all classical concerts, is the performance of a composer's works in the manner and form he intended; adaptations* are especially eschewed by the classical concert-giver. 2ndly, Corelli's Trios are essentially chamber compositions. And thirdly, the solos and trios of Corelli, have already, in the opinion of musicians, appeared much oftener in our concert bills than their merits will warrant.

Further,—as regards the particular trio whose performance at the Philharmonic has suggested these remarks,—it is played all over London in every possible form. Half the church organists use it as a voluntary once a month; teachers of thorough bass use it as an exercise; young ladies in families of the old school play papas to sleep with it after dinner; the street organ-grinders play it,—no, would play it, only that they know the servant-maids would say, "oh, we've had enough of that tune; give us something else."

It is said that Mr. Lindley refuses to exhibit in any piece but one of this description. If so, this may be a very good reason for Mr. Lindley's not being permitted to exhibit at all; but certainly is none for introducing, into a classical concert bill, the mere adaptation of a piece, unsuitable in any form, or if suitable, the continued repetitions of which not even the talents of Mr. Lindley would render endurable.

Signed, on behalf of the Public,
ANTI-CORELLI, BY LINDLEY-ENSIS.

* It is scarcely necessary to mention, that Corelli's trios are written for two violins and a bass.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

LONDON FESTIVALS.

SIR.—Having observed several paragraphs, &c., in your miscellany, respecting a "curious relic," which I conclude is no more nor less than a book of one of the musical festivals held in Westminster Abbey, or St. Margaret's Church, AFTER the commemoration of Handel, which took place in the Abbey in 1784, of which Dr. Burney wrote a very copious and excellent account.—I beg to send you what I consider a valuable document, extracted from an account of the festival which took place in 1834, drawn up by Mr. Parry, who was honorary secretary to the noble directors. A table, showing the comparative strength of the orchestra of six festivals.

	1784	1785	1786	1787	1791	1834
Conductor	1	1	1	1	1	1
Organists	1	1	1	1	1	7
Violins	95	103	106	123	250	80
Violas	26	28	32	35	50	32
Violoncellos	21	22	19	19	50	18
Double Basses	15	13	13	17	27	18
Flutes	6	7	6	6	8	10
Oboes	26	26	28	31	32	12
Clarinets	8
Bassoons	26	27	33	34	40	12
Horns	12	12	12	12	12	10
Trumpets	12	12	14	15	14	8
Ophicleides	2
Serpents	2
Side Drum	1
Kettle Drums	4	3	3	4	8	2
Principal Singers	18	22	..	45
Trebles	53	77	91	101	160	124
Altos	45	61	92	98	92	68
Tenors	80	100	125	144	152	64
Basses	79	118	160	157	159	100

TOTAL.

Instruments	251	260	273	306	505	231
Voices	275	356	468	522	563	401

Grand Total

The receipts of the Festivals						
in 1784-5-6-7, amounted to	£50,754	5	10			
Disbursements	24,554	5	10			

Surplus

Which was divided as follows:—						
Royal Society of Musicians	£16,000	0	0			
Westminster Hospital	5,500	0	0			
St. George's Hospital	4,500	0	0			
The receipts of the Festival in 1834						
amounted to	22,013	18	0			
Expenses	12,933	14	9			

Surplus

Which was divided in equal parts between the Royal Society of Musicians, the new Musical Fund (now defunct), the Choral Fund, and the Royal Academy of Music; each received £2,250; the remainder was appropriated towards the expense of publishing an account of the festival.

Yours, &c.

Regent-street, Aug. 12. D. S.

JUSTICE! JUSTICE FOR ART!

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

You might almost imagine, Mr. Editor, that some Irish demagogue was your correspondent, on reading my motto, but it is no such person, I assure you. I am in fact, a very plain spoken Englishman, and withal, a Conservative. This latter position I hope to prove when I come to speak of that art, which is, and must be, dear to every lover of what is pure, holy, beautiful, and divine. The fact is, Sir,

about a week or two ago, I cast my eye over the columns of a newspaper; not, perhaps, so much for the sake of the politics, as for want of the inclination to do something better at the time. My eye rested on the following paragraph:—

"The House then went into a committee of supply, and several votes were agreed to; among them the following:—£2006 to pay for the services of certain Professors in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; £2,345 to pay the salaries of certain officers in Scotland; £5,420 to pay the expenses of improving the Harbour of Port Patrick; £8000 to defray the expense of completing Lord Nelson's monument; £7,524 for the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery; £6,900 to enable the trustees of the British Museum to purchase books, manuscripts, and coins," &c. &c. Now, what strikes me most glaringly in this report is, that while £7,524 is laid out in the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery, and £6,900 is given to the trustees of the British Museum for the purchase of books, &c., not one penny is voted for the cause of music—aye, music! the only art which cannot corrupt the morals of the mind; the most innocent of all amusements; and the only one above all others which ought to have our greatest support and our dearest affection. Now, is it not shameful, when we think, that with all this neglect, the British musician is more heavily taxed than any other class of artists; for whatever the musician may publish, he is bound by law to send certain copies, the best which he has printed, to the British Museum, Stationers' Hall, Oxford, Cambridge, and I know not where,—while his more fortunate brother artist, the painter, may cover as many thousand yards of canvas as he pleases with his brush, without being called upon for even a five shilling fee. I shall, therefore, endeavour to prove now, my right to the name of Conservative, for while I would not wish poets and painters one iota less advantages than they have at the present time, I do insist and demand for the musician the same privileges, the same rights, and the same assistance. Is it not disgraceful, that while France, Germany, and Italy, have their national opera, England—aye, England—the proudest and richest, cannot boast of so much nationality? Is it not disgraceful, moreover to find our Queen (God bless her!) and the aristocracy of England, supporting an anti-national Theatre, while that in which their native tongue ought to be heard, is silent, or only occupied by a band of quadrille players? If our government can afford in these "hard times" to give £7524, for pictures, and at the same time £9000, for books, surely, music ought to have quite as much, and surely, musicians have a right to demand it! If our government mean to tell us that through the Council on Education, they give a certain sum for musical purposes, we would quietly ask them if they think that a few chorus singers taught on the system of a Frenchman, ought to satisfy us for the want of a national theatre? They are grossly mistaken if they think so. What then, Mr. Editor, ought we English musicians to do? Have we not a peg on which we can hang a petition? Have we not a sufficient ground to go upon, now that government have already given us a precedent in their patronage of pictures and books? I do say it will be the fault of musicians themselves, if they do not, at the commencement of the next session, petition for something in support of a national opera. Only let musicians be united, and they must triumph. Our cause is good, we have composers enough, and ability enough in England at the present time to retrieve our fallen character, if we can only be united. I trust these remarks will not be without answering their end, and if they only draw sufficient attention to the subject as to induce abler hands to take up the matter, it will gratify, dear Sir, yours truly

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

August 10th, 1844.

SEQUENTIAL NOTATION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In the *Musical World* for this week I see that an "analysis of" my "work" is shortly to appear. I shall be very happy to read such analysis, and to receive the benefit of your opinion on the subject; but let me beg that your critical acumen may be exerted on my "work" now in the press, and not on the little sixpenny pamphlet sent to your office in December 1843—a notice of which now, would be something like a discourse concerning the characteristics of last year's almanack. That pamphlet was a mere *avant courier*—a syllabus of the plan—intended principally for distribution by post, through which medium it was conveyed to every journal of consideration in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The book now in preparation is a full and fair statement of the case, as unlike the little prospectus edition as the cultivated apple is unlike the crab. It will be ready in about a week, and shall be transmitted to you as soon as published.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
August 10, 1844. ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.
[We think it as well to give Mr. Wallbridge the opportunity of speaking for himself. We shall be happy to receive his book, and will do as he desires—defer our critique till we read it.—E.D. M. W.]

REVIEWS.

"Moonlight is beaming"—Romanza, the Poetry by DESMOND RYAN, the Music by CLEMENT WHITE. (Ransford.)

It is rarely we have received more pleasure from a ballad than from this. Its aim is to please the popular ear, and this is effected by as pretty and fresh a melody as could be desired; moreover, it is full of character. The burden of the song is in F major; but there is a very graceful episode immediately preceding the last refrain, which, while it interrupts, greatly relieves the original subject. The accompaniment is neat, and evinces more than one instance of agreeable and unhackneyed harmony. In the hands of a skillful vocalist we guarantee an unequivocal encore for this ballad. The words by Desmond Ryan deserve citing as a model for a ballad lyric.

Moonlight is beaming,
Soft dews are streaming,
Joy, stars are gleaming,
Over the sea.
Night is reposing,
Whilst eyes are closing,
Lips unopposing,
Come, love, with me.

Echoes are ending,
Light winds descending,
Sweet shadows blending
O'er tower and tree;
Pleasure is stealing
Moments of feeling,
Each look appealing,
Calls love and thee.

Come, whilst the night, love,
Makes all things bright, love,
Happy and light, love,
Joyous and free.
Haste—hours are fleeting,
While each heart's beating
Joy for our meeting,—
Come, love, with me.

"An Historical and Descriptive Account of the York Cathedral Organ." (Allerton and Pickwell, York.)

It is not in our province to review a tract of this nature, but we are at liberty to say that it contains much matter of interest to those curious about the history of organs. We may premise, that we intend to make use of a portion of it ourselves. Of course, we shall acknowledge the source from which we have derived our information.

Alexander's "Book of Instructions for the Accordion." Alexander's "Second Book of ditto." (L. Alexander, Hornsey.)

THESE two little treatises contain all that need be known to acquire, if carefully studied, a complete mastery over the accordion, an instrument now much in vogue among a large class of society. The rules are simple, clear, and comprehensive, and the exercises popular and progressive. The selection of well known melodies is various and judicious; and they are all excellently arranged.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION. — A pleasant concert occurred here on Friday evening. The band, under the able leadership of Mr. Patey, played a symphony and three overtures with great spirit. Miss Dinah Farmer was very successful in a fantasia of Thalberg, for piano solo—performing with taste and brilliancy, and receiving loud applause. The vocal music contained much variety. The Misses Williams were charming in a new duet by Macfarren, "The Fairy Ring," and Miss M. Williams was deservedly encored in Benedict's "By the sad sea waves." Miss Jane Farmer sang a ballad by Barnett very pleasingly—and Miss A. Williams was all that could be desired in a Scotch song by Bianchi Taylor. Miss Cubitt, in Loder's "O! Nightingale," won general applause. The other vocalists were Messrs. Ransford, Rogers, and Buckland—who acquitted themselves well. The pianoforte was one of Zeitter's best grands. Mr. Cornish presided ably at the pianoforte, and Mr. Ormes directed with tact and zeal.

IN THE HARLEIAN MSS., No. 1717, is a song or Canticle, apostrophizing the *Crusade*, set to music by Benoit, the German minstrel. It escaped the notice of Dr. Burney and Wharton.

MR. BLAGROVE's sixth and last concert took place on Wednesday night week, at his

new rooms, in Mortimer-street. The programme was one of considerable interest. We insert it entire:—

PART I.—Symphony, in E flat; Spohr. Aria, "Di tanti palpiti," Mrs. Wm. Bull, late of the Royal Academy of Music; Rossini. New Rondo, Violin, Mr. Blagrove; Mayseder. Aria, "Pro Peccatis," Signor Paltoni. Fantasia, on Air, "Au Clair de la Lune," Pianoforte, Miss Bendixen; Moscheles. Canzonetta, "Memory," Mr. Manvers, Horn Obligato, Mr. Jarrett; J. Schmidt. Overture, *Parisina*; W. Sterndale Bennett. PART II.—Fantasia, Harp, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, Chatterton. Ballad, Miss H. Groom; C. E. Stephens. Fantasia, Boehm Flute, Mr. Carte; Nicholson. Historical Romance, "Fayre Rosamonde," A.D. 1164, Written by Albert Smith, Esq., Composed and Sung by John Parry. Duet, Mr. Manvers, and Sig. Paltoni. Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits"; C. M. Von Weber. The Orchestra under the Direction of Mr. Blagrove.

The attendance was very crowded—and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was present. The orchestra is rapidly arriving at perfection, and its execution of the symphony and overture spoke much in its favour. We must except, however, the fine overture to *Parisina*, which was rather carelessly interpreted. Mr. Blagrove performed the pleasing rondo of Mayseder with brilliancy and perfect neatness, and was rewarded with loud applause. The fantasia of Mr. Balsir Chatterton, and the flute solo of Mr. Carte, evinced the well known abilities of these artists in the most favourable light. The most interesting performance of the whole concert, however, was that of Moscheles' celebrated fantasia, "*Au clair de la lune*," by Miss Bendixen, a young professor in the Academy of Music, of whose compositions we have often had occasion to speak in the highest terms. Her performance was received with warm expressions of approval from His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the entire audience. There were many good features in the vocal music. We must mention the graceful canzonet of Mr. Schmidt, charmingly sung by Mr. Manvers, in which the horn of Mr. Jarrett was employed to great advantage. Mrs. Bull and Miss Groom are both deserving praise for their evident improvement. John Parry was encored in "Fayre Rosamonde." The conclusion of Mr. Blagrove's concert leads us to make one or two remarks apposite to the subject. We consider that he has hardly received due encouragement from the press. The engagement of an orchestra, however small, for a succession of concerts, is a serious expense, and praiseworthy as is the effort to sustain a tottering inclination in the public for what was once the chief bulwark of a concert, the speculation is so precarious, as scarcely to warrant an artist in adventuring it. The spirit of Mr. Blagrove is, however, indomitable, and, for the honour of art, we think he

ought to be supported. We are glad to record that his audiences have been invariably numerous—and this may be some consolation to him for the backwardness of the influential portion of the press. Let us hope our admonition may have some weight, and that a second season will find Mr. Blagrove more ready and efficient co-adjutors in those *who ought* to aid him, and who, had they but the will, have abundantly the power. We find that he announces some quartet parties for the autumn. These, under his direction, are likely to prove in no small degree interesting to the lovers of classical chamber music.

THE HAMBURG ORGAN is rather larger than that of Haarlem, as it was built purposely to exceed it. The chief advantage being that it has two pipes to each note on the upper three octaves of the Great, Choir, and Swell 8 feet Principals, and the Swell 8 feet Trumpet. It has also one 32 feet Undersatz, and one 16 feet bass Principal more in its Pedal Organ.

MR. GEORGE HAY, of Wolverhampton, has announced for Saturday, 21st of September, his first grand concert, at the theatre, Lichfield, for which, Persiani, Fornasari, Salvi, Orsini, Puzzi, and Henry Hayward, the celebrated English violinist, are engaged.

FRENCH IGNORANCE OF HANDEL.—The following letter has been addressed by Mr. Osborne, local secretary of the "Handel Society" for Paris, to the editor of a musical cotemporary:—

To the Editor, &c. &c.

SIR,—There is an anecdote in the *Musical Examiner* of the 20th of July, which is essentially different from the one I related in London, at a meeting of the Handel Society, of which I am local secretary for Paris. I am made to say that two French professors wished to become subscribers, with the idea of obtaining Mr. Moscheles' edition of Handel's *concerto* for the pianoforte, entitled *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, thinking, no doubt, that the extensive acquaintance which Mr. Moscheles can boast with all that relates to the pianoforte, his edition of a *Concerto* by Handel must be highly interesting and valuable. Now I beg to state, that I did not relate the anecdote of a French professor, but merely said, a *person* had subscribed under the impression that *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso* was a pianoforte *concerto* by Handel, edited by Moscheles. To prevent further mistake, I shall now add that the subscriber in question is an English resident in Paris. I should at all times be sorry to relate anything likely to produce an unfavourable impression of any artist—and in the present instance, I should consider it highly unbecoming of me, having received much kindness and hospitality during ten years' residence in the French capital.

I am, Sir,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
G. A. OSBORNE.

Exeter, July 30, 1844.

MR. TEMPLETON.—The Scotch papers are full of the praises of this gentleman.

He seems, by the "Ayr Advertizer," to have made a great impression at the "Burns Festival." The following impromptu was written by a lady who heard him on that occasion.

"Cupid hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

Hail, Minstrel King! thy soul is fired
By more than common earthly clay;
No spirit mightier than thine
Can kindle at our poet's lay.
Our Poet! who but mighty Burns
Can proudly claim that noble place?
And who, like you, with magic voice,
Can breathe his strains with manly grace?
Yes, Templeton! thy name is rich
With music and the soul of song;
Long may you reign *auld* Ayrshire's pride—
The pride of Scotia, too, ere long.
Old Scotland long and well may boast
Her poets, minstrels, not a few;
But none e'er reached the *native* heart
Like Burns, when sweetly sung by you.

The festival seems to have been altogether a brilliant affair. The celebrated vocalist, Mr. Wilson, who was also present, was repeatedly called upon to sing; but a gentleman apologised for him on the plea of hoarseness. Of Mr. Templeton, the paper, from whose columns we have extracted the above impromptu, in its account of the festival speaks thus:—

"Here, Mr. Templeton, the eminent vocalist, who from the first had taken a warm interest in the demonstration, and had placed himself in the hands of the committee, with a tender of his vocal abilities on the occasion, advanced from his place in the pavilion to where Mr. Blewitt—who had in the same spirit undertaken the management of the musical department, and who brought to the task the experience of having conducted the Shakspearian Festival—was seated at a grand piano, and sang "Ye banks and Braes o' bonny Doon," with a combined brilliancy, tenderness, and taste, that thrilled the feelings of all present, and was followed by the most rapturous applause. He afterwards sang with equal effect, "The Harp of Tara."

On the evening of the day on which the Festival occurred, Mr. Templeton gave a concert in the theatre, which was crowded to inconvenience, the stage itself affording accommodation to those who could not find places in the body of the building. From the "Inverness Courier," we learn that Mr. Templeton has given three concerts, with great success, in that town. The local journals are loud in his praise.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—Three years ago, we are told by the *France Musicale*, Leopold de Meyer broke down in the overture to *Der Freyschutz*, at one of the concerts of the *Conservatoire*. He will, adds our cotemporary, most probably, take an *eclatante revanche*, next season, in Paris.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The words of the poet would seem to

be exemplified in the brilliant successes which De Meyer has achieved during the present London season. He is, say some, the pianist destined to shake the empire of Thalberg. He produces effects, quite modern, without the almost worn-out expedient of the *arpeggio*. We are inclined to be of the same opinion. We will give Leopold de Meyer three years to become the greatest pianist of display in the world. Though so very young—scarcely five and twenty—he has attained a mastery over the difficulties of modern pianoforte music, quite astounding. His style is perfectly original. A shade more *finish* will render him irreproachable as an executive pianist. It is true that his method is not entirely developed—and that he does what no deeply experienced player would attempt—viz.—he essays to vanquish difficulties insurmountable by ten fingers. The result is an occasional tendency to *scramble*—to use the most expressive epithet;—but it is enough to hear him in those things of which he has no doubt, to own the wonderful neatness of his execution, the delicious quality of his tone, and the perfect poetry of his expression. De Meyer must study—not only the pianoforte, but the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint—assiduously and deeply. He is not what he ought to be—and *will be*—in regard to composition. We are sure he has the power to write *music*, independent of mere matter for display—lacking only the impulse which should prompt him to it. In conclusion we have only this to say to the young and brilliant artist:—study—composition as well as the pianoforte—for three years, and there can be little doubt that (unless Charles Filtzsch or George Mathias fulfil their almost unnaturally precocious promise) Leopold de Meyer, among modern executive pianists, will be

Do. I.

To be the *first*, should be the aim of every artist, and happy is he, who, like Leopold de Meyer, has it within his grasp.

LIVERPOOL.—(*Theatre Royal*).—The successful run of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," was on Wednesday evening interrupted by the production of Bellini's "Sonnambula." The house was well attended, the entertainments having been announced for the benefit of Mr. Stretton. The piece was well received. The music was sung in pleasing style by Miss Rainforth, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Stretton, and Miss Gardner, who were warmly applauded. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Aldridge. On Thursday night the "Bohemian Girl," was repeated to a good house. Last night Miss Rainforth took "La Sonnambula" for her

benefit, when there was a crowded attendance, and the operatic performers made their last appearance.—*Liverpool Mail*, August 10.

SHREWSBURY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It affords us much pleasure to lay before our readers the following letter, which has been received by the committee for conducting our festival, from the Private Secretary of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, who is ever foremost among the great and good in her generous desire to promote every benevolent undertaking.

"Mr. W. Gillman begs to present his compliments to Mr. Sayer, and is honoured by the commands of Queen Adelaide to express the satisfaction Her Majesty has, in granting Her patronage to the Musical Festival, proposed to be held in Shrewsbury in September next, in behalf of the Salop Infirmary; with Her Majesty's best wishes for success to the praiseworthy exertions of the Committee in support of so noble an institution.

"Marlboro' House, 30th July, 1844.

We are happy to hear that the arrangements are progressing with every promise of the most favourable results, and the splendid array of talent presented in the advertisement surely justifies the most sanguine expectations of success. But we would press upon the attention of our county families, the necessity of giving the undertaking their most strenuous support, by making an effort, not only to be present themselves, but also to invite strangers, according to the good custom of other counties on such occasions; then may we hope to see the triennial festivals of Shrewsbury placed in a rank among the first in the kingdom, to be an honour to our county, and a periodical benefit to our good old town; and from the experience we have had of the noble hospitality of our county gentlemen and ladies, when any such opportunities of collecting their friends present themselves, we can confidently expect to see at our festival and ball, a splendid assemblage of nobility, rank, and fashion.—*Eddowes's Journal*.

ENIGMA.—*Question.*—Why is Jenkins, the *Post-paid*, like a sixty-four pounder? *Answer.*—Because his reports make a great noise.—*F.*

NORWICH.—Two concerts will take place in this city on Friday, the 23rd. The vocalists are, Mrs. C. Harper, Miss Lucombe, Miss S. Flower, and Signor Inchindi. The instrumentalists, Sivori, Mr. Lavenue, and Mr. Bexfield (of Norwich); we have heard very high accounts of the latter as a pianist.

THE DISTIN FAMILY.—So well known throughout England for their Quintette performance on brass instruments, have been immensely successful during the past season

in Paris, having performed at nearly all the great concerts, including those of Berlioz, Sivori, and Listz. Mr. Distin has received a very distinguished honour, having performed on the *Trumpet*, at the *Conservatoire Royale de Musique*, he was presented with a *Silver Medal*, accompanied with a highly complimentary letter. The Distin family have also received a handsome *silver medal*, for their performances at the grand concert at the *Hotel de Ville* from the "*Société libre des Beaux Arts*" accompanied by a complimentary address—and recently they have had the honour of performing, by special command, before their Majesties *King Louis Philippe, the Queen, the Duc de Nemours, the Duc de Aumale, the Prince de Jouvillat, the Princess Adelaide*, and many other distinguished persons. His majesty conversed very affably, in *English*, with the Distins, and complimented them highly on their performances. He has made them a handsome present in requital for the gratification afforded him. The instruments they now perform on, are of an entire new construction, called the *Saxhorus*. The Distins are now giving concerts in Germany with great success, and intend proceeding to Russia, returning to England at the commencement of next season.—*From our own Correspondent at Baden Baden*.

A MONUMENT is about to be erected in Vienna to the late Chevalier Ignaz Von Seyfried, the well-known musician. He was originally educated for the law, but his passion for music was so irresistible that he became the author of nine successful operas, five oratorios, nearly 200 other works, and numerous theatrical essays. He enjoyed the friendship of Beethoven and most of the distinguished musicians of his time. After his death, which took place about four years ago, a parcel was found, containing the manuscript of a funeral mass and a note, stating that this work was composed in 1835, and was to be performed at the funeral of the author, which request was responded to; his funeral was attended by all the most celebrated men of Vienna.

MASTER L. SILBERBERG, a young violinist of much promise, of whom Ernst, and other great artists entertain a high opinion, has announced an evening concert for this evening, at M. Zeitter's pianoforte rooms, No. 4 and 5, Cavendish-street, Portland-place. We trust that success will crown the exertions of a youthful and very deserving artist.

SIVORI'S CONCERT.—This entertainment at the Corn Exchange, last evening, attracted a small but select company. Miss Lucombe, Miss Flower and Mrs. C. Harper, warbled some morceaux very

sweetly, but the star of the evening was the *beneficiaire* himself. Signor Inchindi was prevented from attending by indisposition, but we hear there is no doubt that he will be able to keep his engagement at Canterbury to-morrow.—*Maidstone Journal*.

MR. WILSON'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. Wilson, the Scottish minstrel, is about to favour us with a repetition of his interesting entertainment, the subjects and songs varied from those he introduced when last here. From the enquiries repeatedly made respecting the probability of another visit from Mr. Wilson, we have no doubt he will have a good company.—*Maidstone Journal*.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the pianist *de predilection* of the aristocracy and fashion of England, has just been appointed pianist to the Emperor of Austria. He is on the point of making a tour in the provinces; and Mr. Beale, the music publisher, allows him five hundred francs per day.—*France Musicale*.

WHO IS JENKINS?—Who has the presumption to imagine that HE is Jenkins? Who could have the madness to deny such a charge—to refuse such an immortality? We declared that an individual who sold paragraphs to the *Morning Post* was Jenkins. We also declared that a man who amused himself with practising musical talk in the *Britannia* and *L'Elève* was Jenkins;—we continue to aver the fact—but can any individual in any of those papers be so vain as to imagine that we should pick him out of the back parlour of a public house, purify him of his tobacco reekings, and turn out the scion of the pot-house press, in all the immortal redundancy of Jenkins?—have we to afford the information that Jenkins is a type—a great moral principle—pervading and invading all moral principles? Aspirations to the title there have been many, but to be the living, breathing creation were an idea Utopian almost to madness. Therefore let not any one imagine, when we point out Jenkins here, or Jenkins there, that we allude to *him*—invisible, insignificant *him*. We point at the mighty spirit of modern humbug, observable in the infinitesimal atom of pure Jenkins, which is mixed up in the mass of abomination, that constitutes the soi-disant criticisms of the above-mentioned journals.

OLLA PODRIDA.—**MOSCHELES.**—On Friday night, after the dinner given by Lord Aberdeen to Count Nesselrode, the Russian statesman, accompanied by Baron Brunnov and Count Michael Wielhorsky, honoured Moscheles with an unexpected visit in Chester-place. An impromptu soiree

then took place. Count Nesselrode, a passionate lover of music, astonished Moscheles by his knowledge of the works of classical composers. At the minister's request, Moscheles played various pieces, illustrating the different schools. Count Michael Wielehorsky, an accomplished amateur, also executed various morceaux of his own writing. He is an admirable vocalist.—Moscheles leaves town on Thursday next for Boulogne, and thence, via Ostend, upon a tour in Germany. It is possible that he may visit St. Petersburg in October or November, having received invitations to visit Russia professionally.—**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.** Upwards of two hundred of the members of this society, ladies and gentlemen, made an excursion on Friday to Rosherville Gardens, near Gravesend, where they dined and drank tea.—**MR. WILSON**, the vocalist, will commence a tour this week in Kent and Sussex.—**MORGAN**, the popular singer of Irish songs, died last week, aged fifty-two. He was contemporary with, and an intimate friend of Hudson, whose death occurred recently, and who wrote several of the most popular of Morgan's songs.—**THE MELODISTS.** Exclusively of the prizes offered by the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Saltoun, for a duet and song, the Earl of Westmoreland has signified his intention of giving a prize for a serenade in the course of the ensuing season, as one of the vice-presidents of the Melodists' Club.—**MR. H. PHILLIPS** will start on Saturday for America.—**RUSSELL** the singer, is coming to England. **THE FIRST NOVELTY** at the Academie Royale, will be Adolphe Adam's new opera, in two acts, *Richard de Palestine*; a French adaptation of Rossini's *Otello*, for Duprez, will follow; and then a new opera by Donizetti. Spohr only remained in Paris a fortnight.—**BUNN** is in Paris canvassing for Drury-lane, and no doubt has secured great attraction in the ballet department.—**MISS BIRCH** and **MISS BASSANO**, both in Milan, are practising hard to come out on the stage; they have received offers of engagements for St. Petersburg, Moscow, Turin, Genoa, and Milan.—It is probable that Miss Bassano will commence her operatic career at Varese, a little town on the Lake of Como, where all the nobility and fashion of Lombardy are now assembled.—**MISS BIRCH** has probably been engaged for the Carnival at the Scala.—**ROSSINI** has been composing some sacred choruses, of which report speaks highly.—**MOLIQUE**, the violinist and composer, is writing an oratorio, which he intends to take to England with him in the spring. A new mass of his writing has been performed with great success at the sacred concerts in Vienna.—**MENDELSSOHN** is with his family at Soden, near Frankfort.

UXBRIDGE.—A concert was given on Thursday evening, by Mr. J. T. Birch, in the public rooms, which was extremely well attended. Miss S. Novello, Miss Lucombe, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. John Parry, were the vocalists. Mr. Blagrove gave two solos on the violin, his brother Mr. R. Blagrove, a fantasia on the concertina, Richardson a solo on the flute, and Mr. Hancock a fantasia on the violoncello. Mr. Birch presided at the pianoforte, and the concert afforded the highest gratification to a numerous audience.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A greater degree of interest is felt about the continuance of this ancient meeting than has ever before been manifested. The Guarantee Fund continues to make headway; a considerable addition has been made this week from the county—from leading families. Yesterday the fund amounted to nearly 800*l*. We heartily congratulate the gentlemen who have exerted themselves, on the present aspect of affairs.—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

MR. CITTADINI's concert, on Saturday night, attracted a full audience to Blagrove's new rooms, in Mortimer-street. Mr. Cittadini is an old established professor of very considerable talent, and the zeal of his friends on the occasion of his concert, fully manifested the estimation in which he is held. We have not time to specialize particulars, but must content ourselves with a general approval of the entertainment. One of the most interesting features was a brilliant duet composed by Mr. Cittadini, for pianoforte, admirably executed by Mr. Holmes and his clever pupil Miss Theed, and deservedly applauded. The vocalists were Misses Sara Flower, Messent, Parsons, Messrs. J. Gear, Handel Gear and Sanders. Mr. Blagrove, Mr. F. Chatterton, and Mr. R. Blagrove, performed, respectively, on violin, harp and concertina, with their usual talent. Mr. Cittadini's own performances on the piano were, of course, among the most interesting features of the concert. He has considerable energy, and a musician-like style, and without being a Leopold de Meyer, is by no means deficient in executive force.

BENEDICT.—This distinguished pianist and composer arrived at his native town, Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, the first week in this month. On the night of his arrival he was honoured with a serenade from the first military band at Stuttgart, playing pieces from the most favourite operas, and from the *Gipsy's Warning*. More than 3,000 persons were assembled to bid Benedict welcome. The next morning the chorus of the theatre (the director

of which is Lindpainter) made their appearance at Benedict's residence, and sang several of his compositions. Benedict, after a meeting with Mendelssohn at Frankfort, was to visit Brussels on a visit to De Beriot, and from thence to proceed to Paris. He will be in town for the opening of Drury-lane Theatre.—*Morning Post*.

MR. W. H. HOLMES, the eminent pianist, gave a *matinée musicale*, at his residence in Beaumont-street, Manchester-square, on Tuesday, which was attended by some of the most fashionable and distinguished amateurs. The programme of the performances included Macfarren's C sharp minor symphony, by two of the Misses Hoare (pupil of Mr. Holmes)—**MR. HOLMES's** trio, "*Wanderers*," by Miss Hoare (pupil of Mr. Holmes), assisted by Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Chipp, violin and violoncello—the overture to "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," by the two first mentioned ladies—the duet *Homage à Handel* (Moscheles), by Mr. Holmes and Mr. Pegler, from Colchester—**MR. J. W. DAVISON's** *Tarantella* in A minor, by Mr. Holmes—and the trio in D minor of Mendelssohn, by Mr. Holmes, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Chipp, piano, violin, and violoncello. The selection proved a great treat to all present. The playing of the Misses Hoare would have done honour to many professors of distinction. Mr. Holmes performed superbly—and was well assisted in the trios by Messrs. Blagrove and Chipp, the latter a very improving violinist, the youngest son of the popular tympanist. Several well known musicians were present, who expressed themselves highly delighted. Mr. Holmes has reason to be proud of his very talented pupils—and the taste they display for the highest order of music is alike creditable to themselves and their admirable instructor.

THE CHIMES of the Bath Abbey are being adapted for the performance of the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn, in addition to the Easter Hymn. These tunes will in future be chimed alternate weeks.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER is going on a fortnights tour in the Provinces, with Grisi, Fornasari, &c. &c.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS intend giving a trial of the new works of members, with a full band, early in September.

MRS. W. H. SEGUIN has lately been elected an associate of the Philharmonic Society.

YORK CATHEDRAL ORGAN.—(From "*An Historical and Descriptive Account of the York Organ*."—From a pamphlet pub-

lished by the late lamented Mr. Jonathan Gray, of York, in 1836, it appears that in 1632, King Charles I. granted 1,000*l.* to the Dean and Chapter for the purpose (among other matters) of procuring a new organ. A contract was accordingly entered into with Robert Dallam, of London, "Blacksmith," for a complete organ, at a cost of 297*l.* The contract was extended, and the gross expenditure on the instrument before it was finished was 609*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.* By the king's direction, this organ was not placed upon the organ screen, but on the north side of the choir, nearly opposite the Archbishop's throne. The reason for the removal was, that in the old place the organ was an impediment in viewing the interior of the church. (To be continued.)

Notices to Correspondents.

MR. G. M. AINSWORTH.—We will stretch a point, and let him have what he requires, but he may think himself especially favoured. Mr. F. N. E.—Thanks. Mr. J. M. CALLA.—We have attended to his request. *MUSICA* (*alias* "Jenkins," *alias* "Inquirer"), is under consideration. Mr. TEMPLETON.—Always delighted to hear from him. The account was sent a fortnight ago, to 17, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh. Mr. D. GREENWOOD.—We trust that he will not have further cause to complain. A MUSICIAN is thanked. We have used his communication.

Dr. Stolberg's Voice Lozenge.

for improving the Voice, and removing all affections of the throat. Strongly recommended to Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, Clergymen, persons subject to relaxed throats, and all persons desirous of cultivating their voices, and ensuring a good and clear articulation. Sold in boxes at 1*s.* 1*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.*, at Leader and Co's, Music Sellers, 69, New Bond Street, corner of Brook Street. Testimonials from Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Signor Lablache, Mr. Giubeli, Mr. Harrison, Mr. John Barnett, &c.

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SACRED SONGS, for treble or tenor voice, in four books, each book containing six songs.

THREE SACRED DUETS, for treble or tenor voices..

"Sweet Day".....song

"Memory".....do.

"Retrospection".....do.

"Song to May".....do.

"To Laura".....do.

"To Rosalind".....do.

"Remember me".....duet

"I think of thee".....do.

"Pace non trovo," canzone, from Petrarca.....

"Che fanno meco omni" do.....

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Jullien's Celebrated Polkas.

Mons. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that Nos. 5 and 6 of his collection of POLKAS are just published. This collection is now composed of No. 1, The Original Polka; No. 2, The Royal Polka, No. 3, The Drawing Room, No. 4, The Ruge of Vienna, No. 5, The Imperia Polka, and No. 6, The Dourou Polka; the other six, forming the complete collection of Twelve Polkas, will be published weekly during the present and following month. The immense success of M. JULLIEN's Polkas having induced unprincipled persons to publish spurious imitations, Mons. JULLIEN has published the above Polkas at his own office, 3, MADDOX STREET, New Bond Street; and in order to secure the public against the possibility of purchasing the incorrect copies, he has attached his signature to each copy, none can therefore, be relied on which have not his autograph.

Popular Song,

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This is one of the most pleasing compositions of A. Lear; the melody is light and graceful, and from its marked character will always be what the musical world term an encore song.

DUFF & HODGSON, 65, Oxford Street, where may be had, by same Author, Meet me in the Willow Glen, The Soldier's Tear, I'll not throw away the Flower, The Rover's Bride, Oh, 'tis sweet, when the moon is beaming, The last sweet chime, Away, to the Mountain's Brow, I will be true to thee, &c.

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The manufacturer of the above instrument directs the attention of PROFESSORS and AMATEURS to his latest improved Flutes; these instruments although so well known to every true musician, yet, to the young performer, a word or two may be said with propriety respecting them. First—No Flutes can be better in tune than these, either in the sharp or flat keys. Second—Their quality of tone has always been unrivalled, and still maintains its superiority. Third—In contradistinction to all others these instruments are the easiest to perform on, the least exertion with the embouchure being required, and the quality of tone so requisite for every performer to attend to, is one of the leading characteristics with these instruments. Lastly—The strongest proof that need be adduced is that every performer of any celebrity on the flute, performs on those made on the principle of the late highly celebrated flutist, Charles Nicholson. Those Gentlemen who wish to be instructed on the correct principles of the above master, can be recommended to competent professors by applying at the manufactory, 13, Hanway Street, Oxford Street.

The Wandering Jew, BY EUGENE SUE.

LE COURRIER DE L'EUROPE.—BOHAIN'S FRENCH NEWSPAPER, on SATURDAY, the 29th of June, commenced the textual reprint of "Le Juif Errant," by the author of "Les Mysteres de Paris," so impatiently expected by all European readers, and for the copyright of which 100,000 francs have been paid. Le Courrier de l'Europe contains all the news of the week, the best articles from all the Paris journals, and will be found to be a French library in itself. Subscriptions, 6*s.* 6*d.* per quarter, received at the office, 10, Wellington Street, Strand; by Joseph Thomas, 1, Finch Lane, Cornhill, London; and by all booksellers and newsmen. Immediate orders should be given for Le Courrier de l'Europe by those who desire to have the commencement of "Le Juif Errant," as the number printed is limited to the number of subscribers.

To Bass Singers.

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR,

Now singing with so much éclat by HERR STAUDIGL, composed by E. J. LODER (with characteristic embellishment). Price 2*s.* 6*d.* May now be had of Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn, and all music-sellers; or by post, upon remitting, pre-paid, the amount in stamps.

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